HE SENDS ALL THE FRESH EGGS AWAY AND BUYS THOSE BASS THAT HAVE BEEN SLEEPING ON

SO LONG THE YOLK IS WAY

THOSE ICE-HOUSE EGGS-

THE ICE FOR YEARS- I CAN YELL

THEY STAND UP STRAIGHT

## The Woman Hater THE GUMPS—Pigs Is Food at Shady Rest

By Ruby Ayres

Who's Who in the Story MILES FAVERSHAM, wealthy clubman, bachelor and sportsman. Due to a blighted love affair of ten years before the story opens, he has come to be a hater of women.
PHILIP TRANTER, young and

rich. Faversham's chum and in love with a beautiful woman.

MARIAN TRACNTER, Philip's nother, who objets to the marriage planned by her son. She appeals to Faversham to do all he can to break the attachment of Philip for the

LALLIE DUNDAS, the woman in the case, and PARRY, another club friend of Faversham's.

in the Case, was a sharp of Parersham's.

Their eves met and Tranter asked, sidently quiet:

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"To but—"

"To but —"

"To be depths of the brand once be had once borne her, so now could his had once born

"Well. don't be an ass," he said cheerly. What's the good of butting your head against a rock that isn't there? I'm sure I'm deucedly flattered at your kind interest, old man, but \* \* here, I'll tell you what—come along tonight and be introduced. There! That's a sporting offer. I'm willing to spoil my evening by inviting you to dinner with us. What do you say?"

Miles said nothing, and he went on eagerly.

"We're going to dinner at Marnio's. The engaged a table. Will you meet us there?"

Miles shrugged his shoulders.

"If you like—I've nothing to do."

He walked to the door, turned as if the speak, then stopped.

What good could one hope to do? He want good could one hope to do? He want good could one hope to do? He want good could one hope to do? He had reached his room and dressed. He had sent for a taxi and was just hurrying off when a man named Parry looked far.

"Hullo! I came to drag you out. See yu're going, though."

"Tes, sorry—" Faversham paused. There with Tranter and Mrs. Dundas," he added deliberately.

Parry whistled.

"Really? Thought you didn't approve, welldn't give them your blessing and so forth."

"To never met her yet," said Miles grand.

"And you have never met kenver met before."

"Have we not?" She held her pretty head a little to one side, considering him. "Do you know, I seem to think that I have seen to great deal little to one side, considering him. "Do you know, I seem to think that I have seen to great deal little to one side, considering him. "Do you know, I seem to think that I have seen to great deal little to one side, considering him. "Do you know, I seem to think that I have seen to great deal little to one side, considering him. "Do you know, I seem to think that I have seen to great deal of my man ther excelled in the last few years, and I go very little into what I suppose is called 'soclety."

She laughed amsusedly.

"Philip has rather exaggerated the case," Miles answered, evenly. He knew years, and I go very little into what I suppose is called 'soclety."

"The walked t

gether.
"You know Mrs. Dundas, then?" Miles

gether.

"You know Mrs. Dundas, then?" Miles asked.

"Good heavens, yes; met her two years ago in Paris. Tell you about her some day."

Miles was not interested. He was beginning to look upon the whole evening as an unmitigated bore.

"Can I give you a lift?" he asked as they reached the street.

"No, thanks; rather walk. So long."

Miles drove away alone. He had more than half a mind not to turn up at Marnio's after all. What was the use of it? He did not want to meet this woman, and he did not want to see Tranter making a fool of himself. But the taxi had stopped already, and a porter was opening the door for him. There was a band playing in the restaurant, and the place was brilliantly lit and crowded with people. A waiter escorted him down the room to Philip's table.

"Mr. Tranter is here already, sir," he bid Miles. "He said he was expecting you."

Philip was sitting with his back to the

Philip was sitting with his back to the room, leaning across the table, talking semestly to the woman opposite him.

Faversham's eyes grey scornful as they noted his friend's attentive attitude. Then or the first time he looked at then or the first time he looked at worken. She was listening to Philip, her chin sting in the paim of her hand, her eas lowered. Then all at once she ised them, and met Faversham's. There was a moment of absolute ence. She did not move, but Faversham's hand went out and mechanically itched the back of Philip's chair to ady himself.

am's name to back of Philips to the day himself.

The world seemed to be recking about as he stood there, and knew that at he was face to face once mare with woman who ten years ago had done best to ruin his life.

When I saw him tangled in her tells.
A shame, said I, if she adds just him
To her nine-and-ninety other spoils.
The hundredth, for a whim;

The hundredth, for a whim:

The hundredth, for a whim:

She was so little changed. Of all the gushing emotions that surged through alles Faversham's heart at that moment, this one rose paramount above the rest. Was it possible that ten years had really passed since he saw her—years which had aged and embittered him beyond belief and yet had made no appreciable difference to her?

In a fiash some magic hand had wiped out time and casried him back again to the unforgettable days.

The same honey-bee brown eyes and curling lashes, the same delicate oval ef face, and soft dark hair; and, as he stared at her in helpless fascination, she stared at her in helpless fascination, she stared at her in helpless fascination, she stared at him delirious with the same swift allurement which had once almost turned him delirious with happiness. It was that little smile that broke the spell. Miles Faversham took a deep breath and pulled himself together, just as Tranter became conscious of his presence and turned in his chair.

"Bo here you are, then!" He rose to his feet eagerly and took Miles by the arm, looking across at Mrs. Dundas with pathetic adolation in his eyes.

"This is Miles—my best friend," he said. "Miles, this is Mrs. Dundas. I'm sure you've both heard so much of each ether from me that there's no need to any any more, except that I hope you'll be great friends."

Miles Faversham bowed stiffly, but Mirs. Dundas stretched out her hand to him and after the barest possible hesitation, he was forced to take it. "I am delighted to meet Mrs. Dundas," he said. Ut the words were a mere cold formality.

The smile deepened in her eyes.

"I have heard so much of you." she

The smile deepened in her eyes.

The smile deepened in her eyes.

I have heard so much of you," she said. "It seems as if I must have known you for ever so long."

The words were a deliberate challenge, Miles knew, but he was steady shough now, and he met her gaze unflinchingly.

too," he answered, but the tone of his voice brought the color stinging to her pale cheeks, and a quick look of distress shot into Tranter's eyes.

He rushed into the conversation.

"Where is that confounded waiter? Why, the deuce—there he is. I'll go and curse him."

He left the table, and for a moment Mrs. Dundas and Faversham were alone.

There was a little pause, during which she leaned back in her chair and conidered him with an anxious line between her soft eyes. Then she said deliberately:

her soft eyes. Then she said deliberately:

"You did not know I was Mrs. Dundas, Miles?"

"No; otherwise I should not have come."

"You have not forgiven me, then?"
She leaned a little forward, her honeypoe brown eyes fixed on his face.

"Forgiven you?" He schoed her world dispassionately. "I am afraid I don't understand."

She caught her breath with a sharp sound.

"Oh, do you hate me so much as that?" she asked.

"Hate you?" He laughed mithlessly.

wouldn't give them your blessing and so forth."

"I've never met her yet," said Miles grimly.

"Haven't you? Never met the fair Lalle?"

"Lalle! Good Lord, what a name," said Miles distastefully.

"That's what she's called," said Parry with a chuckle. "It's not her real name, though. Expect she's forgotten what it is herself. But—I'm keeping you—"

The two men went downstairs to-gether.

"You mean she had changed so—had

he looked her squarely in the eyes) "my only emotion was sheer amazement that I had ever lost a night's sleep on her account."

"You mean she had changed so—had grown ugly?"

Miles laughed grimly.

"She had not altered at all," he said. "In fact, I could hardly believe that so many years had passed since she wiped her shoes on me and walked away. No: I am afraid the change was in myself. I was simply indifferent to her, that is all."

Tranter looked up from the mean

all."

Tranter looked up from the menu which he had been studying. He rather fancied himself as an epicure.

"What are you two talking about?" he asked vaguely. He looked at Mrs. Dundas, and his eyes grew concerned. "Are you ill? Is the room too warm for you?" he asked. "You are so pale."

She forced a smile, shaking her charming head.

She forced a smile, shaking her charming head.

"I am always pale. No, I am quite well, thank you, and enjoying myself immensely. Philip, you never told me how amissing Mr. Faversham could be."

"I knew you'd like one another," Philip said enthusiastically. "Why not come on with us to the concert afterward, Miles? We shall be delighted to have you, eh, Lallie?"

"Delighted—there is a third ticket. Will you come?" She turned to Faver—th pretty eagerness.

She was valn enough to resent his attitude toward her. She hated to feel that her power over him was gone.

The boy she had played with and then thrown aside years ago had grown into a fine enough man. She recognised the fact rejuctantly. She liked the steadiness of his eyes and the hard fold of his lips. Here was a men whose contuest would be a thing to hold secure forever.

Beelde him, Philip Tranter seemed in-

ness of his eyes and the hard fold of his lips. Here was a man whose conquest would be a thing to hold secure forever.

Beelde him, Philip Tranter seemed insignificant and uninteresting. Surely it was fate that had thrown Miles back into her life, and who still had a card to play in the game she had believed finished all those years ago.

"Do come with us, won't you?" she urged softly.
Faversham shook his head.

"Thanks, I think not. Concerts are not in my line, as Philip will tell you Besides, I've an engagement; some other night, perhaps."

He was thankful when the dinner was ended and he was free to go. He felt reatless and unnatural in this woman's presence. It was as if some hand were dragging him back to the past, and forcing him to open them. The past was over and done with; this woman was nothing to him any more.

"Who's the engagement with, old top?" Tranter asked him as they waited in the vestibule for a taxi.

He was quite happy again. He was glad Miles had refused to accompany them to the concert, although he had given the invitation. Mrs. Dundas's hand was through his arm for all the world to see, and he gianced down at her with proud ownership as he asked his question.

"It's only Parry," Miles answered indifferently. "He called in at my rooms just as I was leaving, and I arranged to see him later."

Mrs. Dundas raised her brown eyes quickly, a sudden gleam in them. "Mr. Parry we know. Philip?"

Miles frowned. The whole affair was getting on his nerves. He was quite sure that this woman had no intention of marrying his friend, and the impulse came to him then and there to challenge her with the faot and to tell Philip what he himself knew.

"Yes, Bob Parry," Tranter answered. "He—oh, you've got a taxi, have you?"

"I'll say good-night." Faversham said quickly. He was relieved that at last he could go. He shock hands with Mrs. Dundas.

"I'am so pleased to have met you," she murmured.

Miles said "thanks," rather dryly, and turned to Philip.

she murmured.
Miles said "thanks," rather dryly, and turned to Philip. (CONTINUED TOMORROW)



PETEY—The Landlord Raised and Petey Called



SCHOOL DAYS

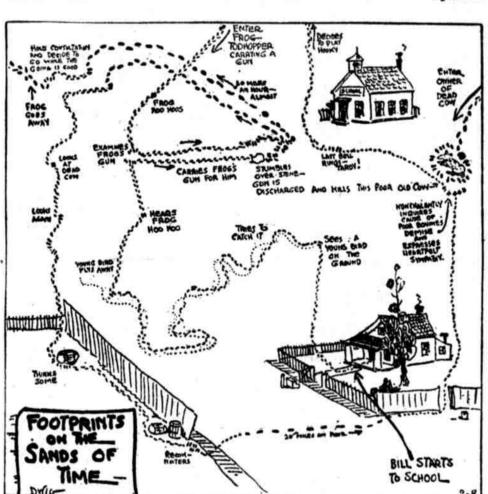
-TELL YOUR FATHER I WANT TO SEE HIM RIGHT AWAY --- HOW! - PAPA. A MAN OT STUAW SEE YOU-

By C. A. Voight CA VOIGHT TAHW COULD I DO! - THE POOR DEVIL LIVES WELL? IN A RENTED HOUSE HIMSELF

The Young Lady Across the Way

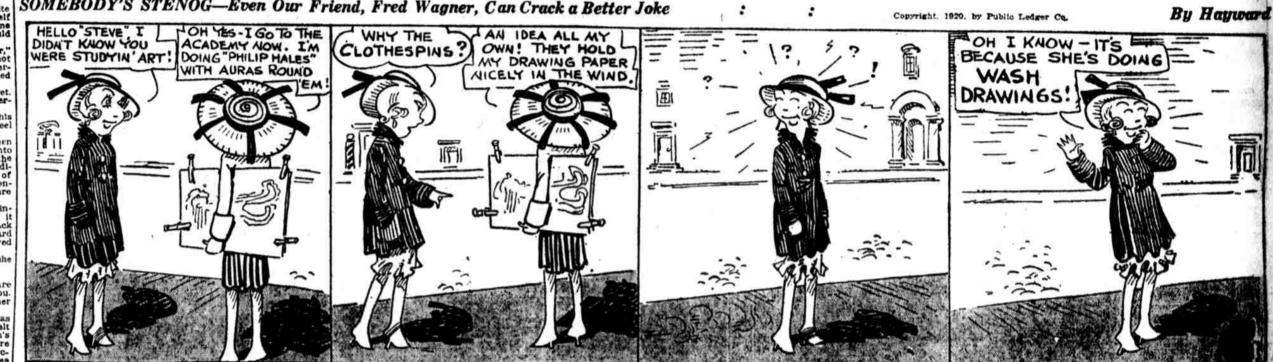


The young lady across the way says she likes to see a gentleman in a two-piece suit in summer time and she can't see any sense in wearing vestments in hot weather.





SOMEBODY'S STENOG—Even Our Friend, Fred Wagner, Can Crack a Better Joke



"CAP" STUBBS—"Gee, That Wuz a Awful Dream!"



GEE GRANIMA,
I DREAMED LAST
NIGHT ME AN' TRED
WUL CAMPIN, AN'
THERE WUL STORM 

